

# GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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Letters relating to business, to receive atten-  
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**Wm. H. Parks, Attorney and Coun-  
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**Atwood & Akeley, Counselors at**  
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Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

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Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery.  
Office, Washington street, first door East of  
the Hardware store.

**J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon.**  
Office, second door above News Office, Wash-  
ington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

**S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon.**  
Office at his residence, Washington street,  
Grand Haven, Mich.

**Henry Griffin, Druggist, Commis-  
sion Merchant and General Agent.** Corner of  
Washington and 1st Street.

**Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer**  
of Stationary and Marine, high or low pres-  
sure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass  
Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryburgh,  
Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand  
Haven, Mich.

**John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry**  
Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hard-  
ware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street,  
Mill Point, Mich.

**William Wallace, Grocer and Pro-  
vision Merchant.** One door below the Post  
Office, Washington Street.

**Cutler, Warts & Stedman, Deal-  
ers in General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt,  
Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath.** Water St.,  
Grand Haven, Mich.

**Rhodes & Co., Wholesale and Retail**  
Grocers, Provisions and Feed Dealers, First  
Street, Grand Haven.

**Noah Perkins, Dealer in Dry Goods,**  
Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware,  
Boots and Shoes, etc. Opposite the store of  
J. H. Newcomb, State st., Mill Point, Mich.

**Jas. Patterson, Dealer in Newspa-  
pers, Periodicals, School Books, Stationery,**  
also Detroit Dailies and Weeklies, Nuts, &c.  
Notions, Tobacco, Cigars, Candles, Yankee  
Goods, etc. First door below Griffin's Drug Store, Wash-  
ington Street.

**J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer**  
in Gentle Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cas-  
simeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St.  
next door to the Drug Store.

**J. & F. W. Feckheimer, Merchant**  
Tailors, Dealers in Ready-Made Clothing and  
Gentle Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cas-  
simeres, Vestings, &c. At the Post-Office, Wash-  
ington Street, Grand Haven.

**Porters & Mathison, Manufactur-  
ers of and Dealers in Clothing Goods.** No. 16,  
Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Ferry & Co., Manufacturers of Lum-  
ber, Lath, Pickets, &c., and Dealers in**  
all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions, Shin-  
gles, Bolts and Shingles. Ferryburgh, White  
River, Mich.

**Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shin-  
gles, Lath, Pickets, &c. Business Of-  
fice, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and  
235, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

**Boot & Shoe Manufacturing and Re-  
pairing Shop,** (up stairs,) over Wallace's  
Store, Washington Street, Grand Haven.  
E. KISSET, Foreman. R. C. FOSHA.

## OVER THE RIVER.

BY MISS N. A. W. PRIEST.

Over the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've crossed to the other side,  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the rushing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see,  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands ready to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carrying another, the household pet;  
Her brown curls waving in the gentle gale,  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered her phantom bark,  
We felt it glide from its silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning  
hearts  
They cross the stream and are lost for aye.  
We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day,  
We only know that their bark no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the shining sail;  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved that have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

## EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM HUGH McDOWELL.

[Below we present our readers with  
an extract of a letter from our old friend  
and citizen, HUGH McDOWELL. It is sup-  
posed that the ship in which he took pas-  
sage to Europe was lost, but he arrived  
safely, as will be seen on perusal of his  
communication to Mr. DRAKE, of Mill  
Point, though he had a dark time of it,  
full of dangers and hair-breadth escapes;  
but here is the extract:]

BELFAST, January 7, 1859.  
FRIEND DRAKE:—Your letter of the  
7th of November came duly to hand—  
two days before I arrived at Belfast—and  
also one that you sent to my brother on  
the 17th of December, came to hand yester-  
day. You may think it strange that I  
have not written to you sooner, but I  
have been sick ever since my arrival, owing  
to a cold that settled in my head and  
eyes, contracted on the passage; but I  
think I shall be all right again in a day  
or two as I am well taken care of.

Friend D., it might be entertaining to  
you to have me give you a sketch of my  
trip hither. Soon after leaving you I  
went on board the ship *Indian Empire*,  
and, believe me, I had a good time  
of it, from my embarkation at New  
York till I arrived at Broad Haven Bay  
on the West Coast of Ireland, in the  
County of Meo. This Coast is one hun-  
dred and thirty miles north of Galway.  
When I arrived at New York, I was ad-  
vised to go by the Galway line and as the  
*Indian Empire* was the first ship to sail,  
I took passage on her. She left N. York  
on the 23d October, for Galway. The  
first unusual performance when we arrived  
at Staten Island was running into a Brig  
which detained us about four hours. The  
Brig was severely injured, our ship but  
slightly. When we arose the next morn-  
ing we found the ship laboring in a heavy  
sea with a dead, head wind. The gale  
continued till we reached Halifax—dis-  
tance about five hundred and fifty miles,

and so severe was the gale, that our Pi-  
lot did not leave us until we reached that  
city. After taking in an hundred and  
twenty tons of coal, we started again for  
Galway, with a light wind which contin-  
ued two days, and that was the only  
pleasant weather we enjoyed during the  
entire passage. From that time till we  
made land the wind continued to blow a  
gale from the East, day and night—with-  
out any interruption. On the 11th of  
November the Captain gave orders to  
have the ship hove to, the paddle-wheels  
taken off, and then see what could be  
done with sails alone, as we were totally  
out of coal. This was at length accom-  
plished, though with great difficulty, the  
sea rolling heavily. Finding at length  
that our ship was filling with water, very  
rapidly, we were obliged to keep up steam  
to run our big engine to pump ship, as  
the small pumps would not keep her clear.  
We were fortunate in having four hun-  
dred bales of cotton on board which we  
used in place of coal to keep up steam,  
four bales per hour only being required to  
keep us afloat—the value of fifty  
pounds sterling. This state of things  
continued twelve days. The Captain,  
seeing that his cotton and provisions  
would not hold out much longer, although  
we were put on half allowance of provi-  
sions and water, called a meeting of his  
chief officers to see what could be done  
for our relief and safety. The conclu-  
sion was to put on her paddle-wheels, to  
cut away everything that could be spared  
about the ship for fuel, and try to make  
the nearest land. This was the last re-  
sort, as we had been drifting backward  
for the last twelve days. We then com-  
menced pulling down the berths of the  
steerage, then the officers state-rooms,  
cook-houses and everything else on deck;  
next paddle-boxes, bulwarks and water-  
closets, and, in fact everything that could  
be cut away. Then orders were given to  
send down top-masts and yards, to be cut  
up; and next ropes and cables, to the  
amount of seven or eight tons; next, the  
decks and second cabins; being still short  
of the beam of the three decks. Finding we  
could not yet reach land we commenced  
on the grand cabin, ripping down state-  
rooms, saloon and everything appertain-  
ing thereto, even to the furniture. Those  
who had two trunks gave one to be used  
in making steam. You may justly think  
the appearance of this cabin was changed  
in a few hours as the ship contained now  
but one room. She looked more like an  
old coal pit than a steamer of the line.  
Fortune, however, favored us. On the  
morning of the 26th of November, we  
made Broad Haven Bay, and about 11  
o'clock we cast anchor. You had better  
believe there was some cheering as our  
anchor went down. You may guess  
that by this time, our passengers and crew  
were not very strong, but they did what  
they were able. We remained in the  
Bay four days when a small steamer came  
and landed us in Galway. It was just  
forty days from the time I left New  
York till I reached Belfast. We had on  
board ninety-three passengers and a crew  
of upward of a hundred men.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that  
the ship was on fire five times during the  
last twelve days of her passage; thus you  
can judge a little what kind of a passage  
we had across the Atlantic. And you  
may surmise that I did not have very  
comfortable lodgings for the last sixteen  
days. I did not have my clothes off dur-  
ing that time. I will not trouble you  
further with the details of my trip, leav-  
ing you to judge of the rest till I see you.

HUGH McDOWELL.

—They had ripe strawberries at Mar-  
inna, Fla., on the 25th ult.

## TRUTHFULNESS.

Two country lads came at an early  
hour to a market town, and arranging  
their little stands, sat down to wait for  
customers. One was furnished with fruits  
and vegetables of the boy's own raising,  
and the other supplied with clams and  
fish. The market hours passed along,  
and each little merchant saw with pleas-  
ure his stores steadily decreasing, and an  
equivalent in silver bits, shining in his lit-  
tle money cup. The last melon lay on  
Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by,  
and placing his hand upon it, said:—  
"What a fine melon; I think I must  
have this for my dinner. What do you  
ask for it my boy?"

"The melon is the last one I have, sir;  
and though it looks fair, there is an un-  
sound spot on the other side," said the  
boy turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think  
I will not take it. But," he added, look-  
ing into the boy's fine open countenance,  
"is it very business-like to point out the  
defects of your fruits to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir,"  
said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, my little fellow; al-  
ways remember that principle, and you  
will find favor with God, and man also.  
You have nothing else I wish for this  
morning, but I shall remember your little  
stand in future. Are those clams fresh?"  
he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's  
stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I  
caught them myself," was the reply; and  
a purchase being made, the gentleman  
went away.

"Harry, what a fool you was to show  
the gentleman that spot in the melon.—  
Now you can take it home for your pains,  
or throw it away. How much wiser  
he about these clams I caught yesterday?  
Sold them for the same price I did the  
fresh ones. He would never have look-  
ed at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one  
either, for twice what I have earned this  
morning. Besides I shall be better off  
in the end, for I have gained a customer,  
and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the  
gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and  
vegetables of Harry, but never invested  
another penny at the stand of his neigh-  
bor. Thus the season passed; the gentle-  
man finding he could always get a good  
article of Harry, continually patronized  
him, and sometimes talked with him a  
few minutes about his future hopes and  
prospects. To become a merchant was  
his great ambition, and when the winter  
came on, the gentleman wanting a trusty  
boy for his store, decided on giving the  
place to Harry. Steadily and surely he  
advanced in the confidence of his em-  
ployer, until having passed through vari-  
ous gradations of clerkship, he became at  
length an honored partner in the firm.

THE SICKLES TRAGEDY.—The N. Y.  
Saturday Press thus speaks of Mrs. Sick-  
les: "Of course she is ruined for life.  
Far, far better would it have been for her  
had she been shot; for every day's life  
she now lives is made worse to her than  
a thousand deaths. The few who are  
'without guilt' will perhaps let her alone;  
but the rest will eventually stone her in-  
to the grave. Oh! that instead of the  
young and thoughtless creature she still  
is, she were a noble and gifted woman,  
who would take this occasion to avenge  
the wrongs of her sex, by exposing the  
horrible state of public opinion, which, for  
the same offence, brands the wife with in-  
famy, and leaves the husband untainted  
even in reputation."

THE NEW CENT POISONOUS.—Several  
instances have lately occurred in different  
parts of the country, where children have  
died from the effects of poison taken into  
the system by swallowing the new nickel  
cent. As this coin is small and easily  
swallowed, there is great danger in allow-  
ing young children to have them in their  
possession. The metal which composes  
it, has had a fatal effect, and would seem  
to be poisonous. Parents should be cau-  
tious.

A DEAD-HEAD.—A freight car was  
opened at Benwood, Virginia, on the 19th  
ult., which had been kept closed since it  
left Philadelphia, near a week before.—  
No sooner was the door opened than out  
jumped a young man, who took to his  
heels like a greyhound, without stopping  
to answer any questions. An examina-  
tion showed that the traveler had provid-  
ed himself with enough of catables to  
keep him on a much longer trip than the  
one he made.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Do everything in its proper time.  
—Keep every thing in its place.  
—Always mend clothes before wash-  
ing them.

—Cultivate the trees—they are God's  
messengers.

—Some lazy fellow spells Tennessee  
after this fashion: 10 a c.

—Alum or vinegar is good to set col-  
ors of red, green or yellow.

—The Apple crop of Oregon, the past  
year, sold for \$500,000.

—Mr. Everett has received, up to the  
present time, for the Mount Vernon fund,  
the sum of \$80,803.81.

—A New weekly has just been start-  
ed in London, on the touch-not, taste not  
principle, called *Anti-Tobacco Journal*.

—The Grand Jury have found a true  
bill of indictment against Daniel E. Sick-  
les for murder.

—The man who feels rich enough to  
patronize coffee-houses, will generally feel  
too poor to take a newspaper.

—The lady who had a "spark" in her  
eye, has kindled a "match" without  
trouble.

—An old writer has said, there are  
but three steps to heaven—"out of self,  
into Christ, and into glory."

—"You seem to walk more erect than  
usual, my friend." "Yes, have been lately  
straightened by circumstances."

—At a dinner at Springfield, Mass., a  
lady sent the following volunteer toast:  
"Spruce old bachelors the ever greens of  
society."

—It is thought to be quite creditable  
to the disciples of Faust, that there is not  
a printer in the Missouri Penitentiary, and  
but one in the Legislature.

—A learned physician has discovered  
that sarsaparilla has none of those puri-  
fying qualities usually attributed to it,  
and that it is a useless drug.

—The materials of which happiness is  
made, grow spontaneously all around us.  
They require but little of us except not  
to trample on them.

—Dogs of every kind—setters, point-  
ers, bulls, Newfoundlanders, mastiffs and  
terriers—are all *lap dogs*—when they are  
drinking.

—The violet grows low, and covers it-  
self with its own tears, and of all flowers  
yields the most delicious and fragrant  
smell—such is humility.

—How melancholy the moon must  
feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of  
prosperity, and got reduced to its last  
quarter.

—Thomas De Quincy (report says)  
has offered his body, after his death, to  
the surgeons for examination, as a contri-  
bution to physiological science.

—The Indian treaties that have been  
ratified by the Senate are of very great  
moment. They extinguish the Indian  
title to about four-fifths of the whole of  
the Territory of Washington.

—Mr. Mills, and English pianist, will  
soon appear before an American audience.  
At seven years of age he gave concerts in  
London, and was called a youthful prodigy.  
He is now barely twenty-one, and is  
still a prodigy.

—A pious old lady was asked why  
she named her dog *Moreover*? "Why?"  
said she, putting on her spectacles to find  
the place in her bible, "it is a bible name  
—here: 'Moreover the dog came and  
licked his sores.'"

—"How is coal this morning?" said  
a purchaser to an Irishman who was at  
work in the coal yard.

"It's as black as the devil, sure," re-  
plied Pat.

—"Wonderful things are done now-a-  
days," said Mrs. Simmons. "The doctor  
has given Flick's boy a new lip from his  
cheek." "Ah!" said the old lady—"it  
wasn't the time I've known a pair tak-  
en from mine—and no very painful op-  
eration either."

—"Buy a trunk, Pat," said a dealer.  
"And what for should I buy a trunk?"  
replied Pat. "To put your clothes in,"  
was the reply. "An go naked," exclaim-  
ed Pat. "The devil a bit iv it!"

—Rarely, the American horse-tamer,  
had given four "demonstrations" in Brus-  
sels, and handled nine horses, one of them  
a very wicked piebald mare, and the gray  
savage *par excellence* of the army, who  
had been regularly thrown for eight years  
to be shod.

—"There's something satisfactory even  
in being poor," as the loafer said when  
his pocket was picked of an empty purse.

—An Irishman dropped a letter in the  
post-office the other day, with the follow-  
ing memorandum on its corner for the  
benefit of all indolent postmasters into  
whose hands it might fall: "Please hasten  
the delay of this."

—A fellow having a spite against a  
sausage maker, rushed into his shop when  
crowded with customers, threw a large  
dend cent on the counter and said, "That  
makes nineteen; we'll settle when you're  
not so busy;" and made his exit. He was,  
of course, soon followed by the sausage  
amateurs, empty handed.

—The Shylock who, with head erect,  
with honest people mingles, should cease  
to shelve his fellow men, and go to shav-  
ing shingles.

The lawyer would be better off, his  
conscience far less pliant, who owned a  
little farm in fee, and made that farm his  
client.

We have some doctors in our midst,  
whose talents they should use, by prac-  
ticing the healing art—*heel-ing* boots and  
shoes.

The minister, whose sage advice a use-  
ful moral teacher, should mind and  
"watch as well as pray," and practice  
what he preaches.

—The Grand Rapids Press, says: An  
enterprising young lawyer, of this city,  
who is much given to indulging in allo-  
pathic doses of Webster, whenever occa-  
sion offers, recently got off the following,  
at "Ferry's tavern," Ferryburgh. At  
breakfast, the "landlady" urged him  
to partake of "one more egg," to which  
he replied:

"No; many thanks, my dear madam.  
By no means! I have already indulged  
the clamorous calls of a craving appetite,  
until a manifest sense of an internal full-  
ness admonishes my stay; my inefficien-  
cy is entirely and satisfactorily satisfied."

WHEAT IN CENTRAL ILLINOIS.—Sec-  
retary Francis writes us: "The late  
warm weather has given a start to the  
wheat upon many fields where it was  
supposed it was winter killed. The pros-  
pects for the next crop are decidedly bet-  
ter than they were two weeks ago."  
[Prairie Farmer.

PLOWING IN IOWA.—The Cedar Val-  
ley Times of Feb. 24th says, "Several  
of our farmers are now busily engaged in  
plowing and putting in their spring wheat.  
It is thought by all that this season will  
be the most fruitful year we have had for  
a long time. We hope that their expec-  
tations may be realized."

THE GROWING CROPS.—Speculations  
in regard to the coming crops are being  
indulged in to a considerable extent.—  
The general impression seems to obtain in  
the public mind that the open winter  
through which we have just passed must  
have proved highly injurious. Upon this  
hypothesis the "croakers" base their tales  
of failure, and hope to beget a panic which,  
however disastrous it may prove to some,  
is designed to benefit those who may have  
invested largely in last year's crop. It is,  
of course, too early to form any reliable  
opinion upon what the growing crops will  
be. We can only judge of them from  
present indications and these are of course  
varied, according to soil and location.  
[Citizen, Jackson, March 10.

"PLANT ONE ACRE MORE."—Such is  
the advice being given by editors of pa-  
pers in different parts of the country, who  
suppose, doubtless, they are doing a  
great good thereby. But they are mis-  
taken; for instance, we find in an ex-  
change the following: "When you have  
done the best you can, just see if you  
can't plant one acre more"—as if the  
sowing and planting were the end of all  
duties, and only necessary to insure a  
harvest. We advise to plant less and cul-  
tivate more. The same results, aye,  
greater results will be obtained. Such  
advice as the above quotation is cheap,  
and as pernicious as cheap, where it in-  
duces the farmer who has planted all he can  
care for properly, to plant more, thereby  
preventing thorough culture. Plant one  
acre less than usual, and give the acres  
planted the extra culture you would have  
bestowed upon the "one acre more," and  
we will warrant a greater aggregate crop  
for 1859, than has ever resulted from ex-  
tended, expanded planting and meager  
culture in consequence.  
[Prairie Farmer.